

2-7
ISSUED MONTHLY

Vol. 47

No. 8

THE
MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE
WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

AUGUST, 1916

ADDRESS.—MISSIONARY LINK, ROOM 67, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUBSCRIPTION, 50CTS. PER ANNUM

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, 1896

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IN EASTERN LANDS.	FOR MISSION BANDS.
What Would You Suggest ? Katherine J. Abbey 4	A Transformation. Mary E. Tracy 10
Beside All Waters. Mina McKenzie, M.D. 5	ITEMS OF BUSINESS.
Letters from Overseas 6	Treasurer's Statement 12
HERE AND THERE.	Endowed Beds Mary S. Ackerman-Hoyt and Maria Ackerman-Hoyt Mem- orial Hospitals 12
"Non-Combatant Service" 8	Shanghai, China Endowed Beds Mar- garet Williamson Hospital 13
"True Beauty" and Her Problem. 9	Endowed Beds Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital 13

THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, soc. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an *annual request* for the same.
 "What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work,
 Editor of the MISSIONARY LINK, Mrs. F. S. Bronson, 67 Bible House, New York.

OFFICERS OF THE WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

<i>President</i>		
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Vice-Presidents</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">New York</p> <p>MISS E. S. COLES MRS. Z. S. ELY " J. E. JOHNSON " DEWITT KNOX " H. L. PIEKSON ALBERT G. ROPES V. H. YOUNGMAN</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Brooklyn</p> <p>MRS. S. T. DAUCHY " FRANK H. MARSTON " PETER McCARTEE " L. R. PACKARD " E. E. ROBINSON MISS IDA P. WHITCOMB</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Philadelphia</p> <p>MRS. WM. W. FARR GEO. E. SHOEMAKER ABEL STEVENS WM. WATERALL</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Albany, N. Y.</p> <p>MRS. J. TOWNSEND LANSING MRS. G. DOUGLAS MILLER</p>	<p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em;">FORM OF BEQUEST.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>I give and bequeath to the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America," Incorporated in the City of New York, February 1, 1861, the sum of— _____ to be applied to the Missionary purposes of said So- ciety.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Vice-Presidents</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Syracuse, N. Y.</p> <p>MRS. ROBERT TOWNSEND</p> <p style="text-align: center;">New Brunswick, N. J.</p> <p>MRS. CHARLES DUNHAM</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Summit, N. J.</p> <p>MRS. MINOT C. MORGAN " F. S. PHRANER</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Morristown, N. J.</p> <p>MRS. F. G. BURNHAM MISS E. M. GRAVES</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Princeton, N. J.</p> <p>MRS. ARNOLD GUYOT</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Boston, Mass.</p> <p>MISS M. B. MEANS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">New Haven, Conn.</p> <p>MRS. F. B. DEXTER</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Rockford, Ill.</p> <p>MRS. RALPH EMERSON</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Chattanooga, Tenn.</p> <p>MRS. WILLIS C. BRIGHT</p> <p style="text-align: center;">St. Louis, Mo.</p> <p>DR. MARY H. McLEAN</p>

Treas.—JOHN MASON KNOX, ESQ. *Asst. Treas.* { MISS CLARA E. MASTERS
 { MISS ELSIE E. MCCARTEE
Auditor—MR. FRANK H. MARSTON
Home Corresponding Secretary—MRS. WM. W. CLARK
Recording Secretary—MISS ALICE H. BIRDSEYE
Corresponding Secretary for Allahabad—MISS ELIZABETH B. STONE
Corresponding Secretary for Calcutta—MISS ALICE C. MOFFAT
Corresponding Secretary for Cawnpore—MISS E. W. BEERS
Corresponding Secretary for Fatehpur—MRS. H. S. FULLERTON.
Corresponding Secretary for Jhansi—MRS. WM. W. CLARK
Corresponding Secretary for China—MRS. S. T. DAUCHY
Corresponding Secretary for Japan—MRS. CALVIN PATTERSON

Checks payable to Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, 67 Bible House, New York

"The Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York February 1, 1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by the "WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA." in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVII.

AUGUST, 1916

No. 8

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

A COURAGEOUS KING.—King Liwanika of Barotsiland died in February and was succeeded by his son Litia. The new king is a baptized Christian, and the story of his courageous confession of his faith before his assembled chiefs and people on the occasion of his public reception, is very interesting. He himself addressed his people, which was an innovation and without precedent. Liwanika had always spoken through his Prime Minister. King Litia caused three missionaries to be seated with him on the dais, and after thanking the chiefs for their loyalty and helpfulness to his father he said:

"Schools are a blessing to the country; send all your children to them. Education and the preaching of the Gospel—therein lies the salvation of the country. Myself, I believe in God; others address their prayers elsewhere. Well, I declare that our only strength is in God. In vain to seek elsewhere; there is no medicine that can heal us. Our strength and our salvation are in God. . . .

"If time fails me to speak of all our laws, there is one of which I wish to speak, and I emphasize it especially, for if I do not do so, it will be said: 'The new king has not spoken of it, so he evidently attaches no importance to it.' This is the question of *beer*. I shall combat it as my father did. The people of Sesheke are witnesses that I have fought against it. I bind myself with a vow that I will not drink it. . . . And now, from all of you, I ask your aid to assist me in the right conduct of affairs. But before everything, and above all, it is to God that I look, and shall go forward counting on God's help."

A THRILLING AND PICTURESQUE OFFERING.—When the Directors' appeal for the treasury of the London Missionary Society reached the Central Africans in Northern Rhodesia, a wonderful offering of gifts in kind was brought together there. On the Saturday preceding the quarterly communion at Mbereshi, a day of thanksgiving was held, and after a service of hymn and prayer, the native Christians came forward with their gifts for the work of spreading the Kingdom. They included several head of cattle, sheep, a goat, fowls, bangles, several hundred bracelets, a hoe, an axe, hundreds of pounds of flour and of corn, nuts, potatoes, pumpkins, mats, kitchen utensils, soap and a pair of scissors. There was also a large plate of money.

HOW ORIENTALS VALUE THEIR ANCIENT RELIGIONS.—Two stories come to us which indicate the feeling of the Chinese and Japanese for the religions of their countries. One is of the Chinese in Peru of whom there are said to be thirty thousand in the Republic. As a result of liberty of worship there, they are building two Confucian temples in the capital city of Lima. South America is indeed the "continent of opportunity" to-day. The Chinese are seizing theirs—are the Christian propagandists as ready to "go in and possess the land" for our Lord Christ?

The other story is of a Japanese of rank who, on a visit to New York, was welcomed by officials and escorted through the city to see the sights. The excursion having come to an end, the Japanese said: "You have treated me with great kindness—showing me your high buildings, your clubs, your banks, your Stock Exchange, your gorgeous hotels, your lovely parks, and the homes of your millionaires. But when you come to Japan, I shall take you first to look upon our temples and altars. I see clearly that the Americans are not a religious people." If this story be true, what an opportunity was lost! And what a scathing rebuke to representatives of a Christian nation!

SECOND MILE CHURCHES.—Among the United Brethren there are churches which are supporting or helping to support forty missionaries by contributing amounts over and above their apportionment in the annual budget. These have been designated by their foreign board as "second mile churches."

IN EASTERN LANDS

CHINA—SHANGHAI

WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?

KATHERINE J. ABBEY

"**W**HAT shall I do now? I'm tired of playing with dolls. I don't *want* to go out of doors! Can't you think of something new?"

Do you not remember those vacation days of long ago when the hours passed so very slowly and possibilities for play seemed so few? Perhaps our mothers sighed and suggested that it would be good if we could store up this "tedious time" for use in the years to come when we might be in great need of it.

Yes, the busy days have come! Now, when we wish there were forty-eight hours in a day and would be glad if we did not have to sleep, we look back with covetous eyes to those neglected hours of childhood. It is such a joy to have work to do, and to be well and strong enough to do it that our hearts go out to those who are laid aside and cannot enter into the activities of a community.

But I am thinking of "True Beauty," who, from morning until night has almost nothing to do. She is one of our own former students. Two years ago she was married, and since then we have had only one glimpse of her, as she went away to her husband's home in the interior.

Last week, who should appear at our door but True Beauty herself! She had come to her father's home for a few days visit. Eagerly we inquired about the small son and her new home. Yes, the son was well and the new home was good enough. There was a listlessness in her tone and droop about her mouth that showed us that our little "tomboy" of yore was unhappy.

Then we learned that the mother-in-law did not take much interest in life, preferring sleep to conversation, and that the sister-in-law was a school-girl, away all day. True Beauty's husband was away much of the time, so that except for caring for the baby (and there were servants to do that too), she had nothing to do or think about. One blank day followed another, and poor little True Beauty was weary of them all. She, our one time pride and joy, had lost all her keen zest of life.

We asked her why she did not gather in the children of the neighborhood and tell them

stories. Oh, she would "just love to do it," but she could not, for "*Boo*" (mother-in-law) would not allow such a thing because it would not be proper. Old customs were followed in that interior city, and therefore she, a woman, must not step outside the door. She told us that she went *once* to a nearby church—but only once. The way she said that "once" made it evident that *Boo* must have been very angry and fierce.

We gave her books and magazines to read. We urged her to be so loving and thoughtful to that mother-in-law that she would win her to Christ, so interested in the young sister-in-law that she would have to respond, in spite of her present indifference.

We also suggested that she make the home as attractive and cheery as possible, so that her husband would prefer home to the public tea-house. Perhaps if she forgot herself in her love for others, she might be able to create a new atmosphere, to win the others to go with her to her church, and step by step bring about a transformation in the home.

And yet, poor child, it is a hard situation for her, is it not? No wonder she is lonely and discouraged. What would *you* have suggested to this little bird in the cage?

We, in Christian schools, ought to be preparing our girls for the lives they are to live. Here in Shanghai there are more open doors than in the interior. Women on every side are demanding *freedom*. To some Chinese women that means freedom to go to the theatre, ride in automobiles in the streets, go to public-houses, smoke, drink and gamble. To others, that is to the comparatively few Christian women, it means freedom to help one's family, neighborhood and community. These women are putting their energies into Sunday-school work, the opening of free schools, and into public play-ground work.

Our own older students in Bridgman school are interested in studying the needs of their own people, and the possibilities for Christian social service. They are learning of western women who have helped to improve social conditions and who have given their own lives to service, and they are eagerly looking forward to the time when they can serve their God and their country in their community as well as in their homes.

INDIA—FATEHPUR

BESIDE ALL WATERS

MINA MCKENZIE, M.D.

WILL you come with me for a visit to our Princeton Dispensary? It is seven o'clock in the morning, our Indian nurse is ready with medicine boxes, and Daisy, the pony, is waiting at the door.

A few minutes' drive brings us to the railroad station and we enter a third-class carriage crowded with Indian women. Some one is thoughtful and makes a place for us. Very soon we are asked why and where we are traveling. We enter into conversation and try to answer patiently their inquisitive and sometimes rude questions. Then we suggest, or perhaps someone asks us to sing some hymns, and this we do joyfully. Hymn after hymn is asked for until often we have very little voice left, but then these women we may never meet again. So we ask different groups if they understand what we have been singing, and as most of our hymns contain much Bible teaching, it is always easy to lead up to the one great subject, Jesus Christ the Saviour. Sometimes we read a portion of Scripture, sometimes tell a Bible story.

The time passes quickly, and many regrets are expressed as we leave our new-made friends at Binki station, twenty miles from Fatehpur. Here we find an *ekha* awaiting us, and we try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for our fifteen mile ride in the little shaky, seatless, springless cart, under a burning sun. Fortunately there is a gentle breeze and here and there trees shelter us.

The fields are lovely, covered with their rich harvest of wheat, and the birds sing sweetly as we pass. Groups of villagers await us along the way, begging us to see their sick as we pass. When a case is urgent we stay, otherwise we tell them to wait for our return in the evening.

At length the long, broken-down bridge at Kor Jahanabad is in sight, and the *ekhavala* stops and leads his pony lest it take fright and plunge over the unprotected sides to the stream twenty feet below. A little further on we rest for a few minutes and climb a little eminence where, under the scanty shade of a babool tree, we eat a hasty luncheon and then move on to our little Wayside Dispensary with "Princeton" written over the door. Many warm memories of the friends who support it fill our hearts with gratitude, and

we send up a prayer for the Master's blessing on all who enter there.

The room and courtyard are quickly swept, dusted and put in order, but even before this is finished a crowd has gathered, for we are on the main street of the town, and this being the day of the weekly bazaar, thousands of people have come in from all the surrounding villages. We begin with singing, then the Bible is read and the beautiful story of God's wonderful redemption is told. Then the first group is taken into the inner room to receive treatment and medicine. Hour after hour passes, and one group succeeds another, each little company in turn being offered the Gospel message, and being helped with treatment, medicine and advice.

One woman among those who come is of special interest. She has an earnest, thoughtful face and asks for many hymns by name. This is surprising for her face is a new one. Asked how she learned the names of the hymns she replies, "I live in a village some miles from here. A neighbor boy used to come to Princeton Dispensary for medicine. I heard him sing these hymns and used to pay him to come and sing them to me in the evening after the work was done."

(This woman has since then come forty miles to the Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital because she is eager to learn more about Jesus Christ as well as to receive treatment.)

The day passes quickly, and again we are on the road, this time with our faces turned toward Fatehpur. After driving seven or eight miles we come to Bakera, a half way village, where a crowd is waiting for us. We hold a short service with them of hymn-singing, Bible teaching and prayer. Those needing such attention are given medical treatment and again we move on.

A village nestling under a green tuft of trees appears in the distance, and stopping our *ekha*, we cross the fields to it and have soon gathered a group of its people for a half-hour of teaching, visit if necessary some sick in their homes, and then wend our way back to our vehicle. We are usually followed by a party of curious ones, or those wanting medicine, or perhaps by some wanting to hear more of the Gospel. To the ones who can read we give or sell Gospels.

At last we continue our journey, only to be met at other villages by groups of thirty or forty who have been waiting our arrival for hours, some of them having come from a distance, too. Finally the last message is given,

the sick all attended, and now we find we have dangerously encroached on train-time. Our faithful pony seems to understand and his little hoofs scarcely touch the flinty road as he dashes past the intervening mile-stones, and we reach the station in time to board the eight o'clock train for Fātehpur. "Zenana third-class" is, as usual, fairly full, and among the passengers are a number of pilgrims. One pathetic group especially appeals to our sympathy—a mother and daughter (both widows) and little grandson, who have been robbed while traveling the length of the Ganges in search of salvation. For days they have been without food and are weak and ill. We take them home with us, and they remain in our Hospital a whole month and there they learn to know and love Jesus. Then they are sent to their home near Calcutta, promising as they leave us to tell others of the Saviour's love.

Thus, here and there by the wayside the seed is being scattered, and we know not how it shall prosper, but at the close of each busy day we commit its hours to God, who alone can give the increase.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

"STANDING AT THE CHURCH DOOR"

(Miss Hall, of our Bridgman School in Shanghai, is one of the missionaries who wishes for a few more hours in every day in which to accomplish all that needs to be done. We have seen people who could read and study as they stood—but to write a letter to a friend as one stands in a crowded entrance—that is an accomplishment! Here are bits of the letter, which are too interesting not to be shared.)

We are having an all-day affair over here (in the church at South Gate), five girls' schools uniting—a Temperance Day. Three schools are giving a graphic representation (original) of the harm and sin of opium-smoking, cigarette smoking, gambling, and taking wine, especially *foreign* wine! This morning the pupils of all the schools came to see, and this afternoon is for the mothers, and sisters, and aunts, from the homes. The morning exercise took from nine o'clock to past one—this afternoon no one knows how long it will stretch! But the typical Chinese audience cares not for length of performance of song or story, or even waiting, because they unconcernedly engage in pleasant conversa-

tion, quite indifferent to those who might like to hear! There is a continuous income and out-flow and income again of children and babies and servants. The Presbyterian pastor (Chinese) is at this moment discoursing on the importance of temperance in all things. He is a *very* fine pastor but he is lengthy!

Dr. Whitmore, of the Margaret Williamson Hospital Staff, writes of the joys of American gardening experiments in the Shanghai compound:

You should see our garden all planted with American seeds. There will be more lettuce than we could eat in a year, but we will use all we need while it is good. The sun gets so very hot here that things must be ready in their own season—radishes and onions and cabbage and all early things must be started very early to avoid being sun-burned. It does my heart good to see perfectly proper American cabbage-worms on our Americanized Chinese cabbage, but I remind them that they may expect just what they get at home and pay no attention to their protests. The potatoes and beans and cucumbers and peas and beets and everything else are fine. Please come and have dinner with us!

Miss Loomis writes from Yokohama of our graduates of this year and what they are doing. Kodama San seems happy and really in earnest. She can only send four yen a month until summer (for the support of a younger sister still in school), but she plans to pay in full from fall. (To "pay in full," for her sister will take one-third of Kodama San's salary. She herself was a scholarship girl, but apparently the help given her has not "pauperized" her.)

O Tei San has received an appointment as teacher in the Yokohama Primary Government School, and her father comes with her to take formal leave this afternoon. He has presented our school library with from twenty-five to thirty good Japanese books on history, architecture, tea ceremony, flower arrangement, etc.

Koyama San keeps well and happy in her new work (training in our Bible School). She is so busy that once or twice she has tried to resign from the presidency of the student Y. W. C. A., but since my last talk with her she seems to have quite made up her mind to help as far as she can.

We have had the yearly physical examination, and the school doctor is coming tomorrow to prescribe for the girls who need special attention.

The annual music recital is to be held day after to-morrow, and promises to be an interesting one. Our singing teachers will sing, "I waited for the Lord," in a trio. They do it beautifully.

Dr. Ibuka has promised to take charge of our communion service in the school on July 9th, and school will close at noon on the 10th. We plan to have a little garden party that evening, with singing and refreshments out of doors, and trust that all the girls will want to stay for it.

The twenty-fifth of this month (June) is the Empress' birthday, and it is also the forty-fifth anniversary of Miss Crosby's arrival in Japan, and we plan to celebrate by having supper together (Japanese teachers, students and missionaries), with Miss Crosby as our guest, in the school dining-room.

Dr. McKenzie of Fātehpur writes: Our long ekha rides are nearly over as our new "Overland" car has arrived, and we need not leave so early nor return so late, and will be able to reach many more villages in the time saved on the road. In this way we shall be able to keep up the "Wayside Dispensaries" which Dr. Spencer loved so much, during her absence for well-earned rest at home, together with our regular Hospital and Dispensary work at Fātehpur. We are grateful to the loving Master who has made this provision for carrying on His work, and grateful to Him for the friends He used to help us with it. We trust and pray that He may greatly use our Hospital, Dispensaries and motor-car to bring light and everlasting joy to many waiting hearts in this great district, and that we, His children, may be found ever following Him and relying for this great work on the power of His Holy Spirit.

In another letter Dr. McKenzie mentions that she is about to start for a village to visit a patient and "hopes to be able to get back by noon" as it is pretty warm in Fātehpur now," the thermometer registering 117°! We who read this in mid-August sitting perhaps in some grateful shade at rest, while the mercury hovers about ninety, will think of our faithful workers for Christ as they toil under India's tropical suns.

A vacation letter from Miss Bertsch of Allahabad, written from the hills, describes a tedious climb in a "dandy" and an exhausting ride on a "tatter." And what, pray, are a "dandy" and a "tatter"? A visiting friend

from India helps us out by defining them respectively as a "box-like conveyance, borne by four or six coolies," and a "little Indian pony."



JESUS LOVES THEM, THIS WE KNOW

And here, at the very bottom of our mail bag, is this little picture, which Miss McLean sends us from Jhansi, of some of our hospital babies. Are they not dear? But there are millions and millions of babies in India who are not happy and cared for like these, but who are dying from cruelty, starvation and neglect. India waits for the Gospel, the only hope for her women and children.

We are reminded, too, that when Miss Webb of Cawnpore takes her well-earned furlough there will be a whole school-full of orphaned little ones needing some one to mother them.

Do any of our readers know some one who could respond? Dr. Speer says that "the recognition of a need and the ability to meet that need" may constitute a "call." Has not some one a heart to take in the Cawnpore family of nearly one hundred and fifty darling babies, and the strength and freedom to go? Will many help us, through prayer, to find that one?

HERE AND THERE

"NON-COMBATANT SERVICE"

"NON-COMBATANT Service" is the beautiful and suggestive title of a sermon by the Rev. J. Anderson Wright, published in a recent number of *The Christian*. His text is from the story of great-hearted King David, who, after a victory by a small chosen company over an army of hostile marauders, rebuked a few mean-spirited men who were for withholding any share in the spoil from those who could not go out with them, with these words: "As his share is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his share be that tarryeth by the stuff. They shall share alike."

Mr. Wright uses the text as indicating "the value of the non-combatant in the spiritual crusade, or, in other words, the priceless worth of the less conspicuous work and workers in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ." He mentions three striking characteristics of those who "tarry by the stuff," each of these being an indispensable force for righteousness.

"First," says Mr. Wright, "those 'tarry by the stuff' whose Christian character adorns the Christian faith. . . . All through our land to-day are multitudes of men and women who quietly and steadfastly exhibit the patience and gentleness, the fortitude and sacrificial temper, of true imitators of God's dear Son. They do not court notice, publicity. They do not seek renown on the high places of the field. They are content to abide by the stuff. They show to those who visit their quiet haunts the marvel of the husbandry of God. The aromatic saintliness of uncounted, obscure disciples of the Lord Jesus makes sweet and vital the moral atmosphere of the world."

Again, "those 'tarry by the stuff' whose prayers reinforce the Christian Church. The prayer force of the Church is her working force. The measure of her intercession is the measure of her success. Achievement waits on devotion. Those who cannot be at the stated meetings for prayer can often be 'at the secret source of every precious thing,' and so transmit some mysterious current of spiritual energy to the community of believing men and women to which they belong. He who cannot do anything else can at least, to use Browning's phrase, 'grasp at God's skirts and pray,' and he will do more things by prayer than this world dreams of. Thanks be to

God for the many who 'tarry by the stuff,' because they tarry at the throne of grace."

Mr. Wright's last characterization of those who "tarry by the stuff" is the doing of the "faithful work at the rear that makes possible the onward march of the Christian army."

In the story of David's army and the tired little company who stayed behind, the "stuff" was "the baggage," i. e., the munitions and food supplies of the little army, and "this they were ready to defend with their lives. They could send forward arms and rations as they were needed by the attacking force. They served as a base on which their comrades could fall back in case of a reverse or a strategic retirement. They guarded the lines of communication. As the wearied men recovered strength some could be sent out as scouts or patrols to warn of the presence of any bodies of the enemy. But their main task was to stand on the defensive. This duty they fulfilled to David's entire satisfaction, and so he championed their interests and their honor, and curtly told their grumbling detractors that he would not allow them to suffer.

"Where would our churches be to-day without her many little-known members, who are in the background? They 'hold the fort' while others wage the fight. They are the munition workers for the Holy War, and without their help the guns would soon cease to loom and the rifles to crack. And when the advanced forces are driven in by the powers of vice and unbelief—as, alas, they sometimes are—this defensive force holds on and holds out, with fine pertinacity and heroism, and saves the spiritual situation. We thank God for the unseen heroes and heroines, who, while the main army is pursuing the campaign and winning plaudits and decorations, are steadfastly tarrying by the stuff.

"Your king and your country need you' has been an effective rallying cry in this awful war. The divine King and His glorious kingdom need you, need me, need us all.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Then, whether at the front or at the rear,
so it be by His ordering, we shall earn His
'Well done!'"

"Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value."

"TRUE BEAUTY" AND HER PROBLEM

OUR missionaries' contributions to the LINK are varied in character. Some give us vivid pictures of far countries and peoples; others stir our hearts and stimulate our faith as they tell of transformed lives and communities; while still others move us to pity by revealing some new aspect of the awful blackness of heathenism. These letters should always link us a little more closely to those who represent us on the battle-line in Asia, for that is the great reason why our little monthly messenger goes forth.

There is another type of letter that opens the door and lets us understand some of the problems that our missionaries face as they seek to do genuinely constructive work on the foreign field. Such a letter is Miss Abbey's story of True Beauty, which appears on our fourth page. Just at first True Beauty's problem may seem a very simple one, but it is not simple, for it is not merely a personal problem. True Beauty represents hundreds and hundreds, an ever-increasing class of Chinese young women, so that her problem becomes our missionaries' problem, and so in turn becomes yours and mine. How can we help True Beauty and all her young sisters in new and rapidly-changing China?

True Beauty has entered through the door of education a place of vision, where she has caught a glimpse of freedom, dignity and social service. Then all too soon, for girlhood days in the Orient are very short, she has gone down from her mountain-top, and another door, that of convention and unenlightened custom, has imprisoned her fast. Her evolution has not yet brought her to the stage of discovery that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." She only knows that she is shut in, lonely and discouraged, and her once free spirit, because it has not grown strong in freedom, has yielded to its chain.

Miss Abbey, thinking of True Beauty and of one hundred and more just like her in Bridgman School to-day, and of hundreds more who will come to us and go from us, says: "*What would you suggest?*"

We can almost hear the Unsympathetic-Toward - Missions - and - Human-Brotherhood say: "Why give them the glimpse of a Promised Land that can never be theirs? It only makes them more discontented with their lot. *Did not we tell you so?*" But surely this is not the Christian solution.

Others there are who would develop in

these struggling souls such an uncontrolled passion for freedom that they would return to their homes rebels and revolutionists against all the old family traditions. This would work incalculable harm to our cause, rearing new walls of exclusion against us. Is it not ever true that only

"By deeds of love and mercy
The Heavenly Kingdom comes"?

Our schools are not planted in China, Japan and India to produce Christian young women of the Occidental type; their great purpose rather is to help lay the foundations for an indigenous church in the Orient.

Education should not unfit our girls for the life they must lead, but help them to a right adjustment to that life. The true Christian spirit does not flee from its environment, but changes it by its own expanding life. Our Lord's promise of inheritance is not to the "out-comers," but to the *over-comers*.

In the meantime True Beauty and her problem remain. It will be easier for her children, but new and better orders come only through sacrifice. True Beauty and her fellows must bear the pain of those through whom will be ushered in the brighter day for China. How can we help her? How can her school prepare her, as Miss Abbey puts it, for "the life she must live?"

Perhaps among our readers are those of experience who can offer definite help in response to the appeal: "*What would you suggest?*"

We can all help with our sympathy, our patience, our encouragement, and with our prayers. And could our young missionaries, facing their problems, have more definite and concrete help than that which would be afforded by a great volume of prayer, rising from the hearts of those who believe, with them, that prayer "brings things to pass"?

THE BIBLE IN ABYSSINIA.—No foreign missionaries of any faith or communion have ever been tolerated in Abyssinia, and yet the British and Foreign Bible Society was enabled last year, under the patronage of Abuna Mattheos, Archbishop of Abyssinia, to open a depot at Adis Ababa, the capital of the country, where editions of the Scriptures are sold and circulated.

Oh, Jesus, ride on! So we pray. But I do not know how He can ride on except through you. Do you?—W. F. Tutton, in "*Episcopal Recorder*."

FOR MISSION BANDS

A TRANSFORMATION

MARY E. TRACY

HOW well I remember the day in September, about seven or eight years ago, when little O Koto San was brought to our Yokohama school. I say "little," but, for her age (she was then about eleven or twelve), she was taller than most Japanese girls, and she looked gawky and untidy beside our other little school girls.

It was an aunt who brought her, one of our graduates who appreciated what the school had done for her, and wanted her niece to have the advantages of a Christian education. When we heard her story we decided to do what we could, though we knew it would be hard, both for the teachers and the child.

Poor little girl! Her father had gone to the United States years before and O Koto San had grown up there, wearing American clothes, eating the kind of food that you little American girls do, and, when she was old enough, going to the public school and learning to read and write, and to do all the other things you children do.

Then her mother had died and the father had come back to Japan with his little American-Japanese daughter, who knew nothing of the Japanese customs.

I wonder how you would like to come into our boarding-school, to have to wear a kimono and hakama (the pleated skirt of the school-girl), to sit on the floor with your legs folded up under you, and eat with chop-sticks, at night to sleep on a quilt laid down on the floor, and, worst of all, to have the girls about you talking fast in Japanese and having such good times while you couldn't understand a word of what they said. I am sure you would be just as sad and homesick as was little O Koto San.

No wonder that the teachers brought reports of O Koto San's being noisy and rude, and of how untidy she was in her dress and in her manners at table. Who wouldn't be untidy if they had to wear a kimono ever so much too long and with no buttons to fasten it? Nothing but a long strip of cloth to hold it in place.

Which one of you could be very tidy at the table if all that you had to take up the food with was two slender sticks?

When O Koto San had been used to playing the lively games of American children how could we expect her, all at once, to turn into a demure little maid, with a gentle voice and polite bow for every teacher she met?

We missionaries sympathized with her more than did the Japanese teachers, who are not so used to our lively children, keeping their mothers and friends always on the jump, and it seemed a little sad to us to see how quickly O Koto San became a quiet, repressed little Japanese girl.

Of course, our school girls have good times, but they are generally so unnaturally quiet that I am always glad when our part of the house is disturbed by some noisy game.

O Koto San came to the classes, that is, she attended certain English lessons, but with no knowledge of Japanese she could not take the full course, and we soon felt that if she were to live in Japan she must have the good elementary Japanese course, which we could not give her. She must go to a Japanese Primary School.

After the year in our Yokohama school O Koto San had become a gentle, polite and neat little girl, knowing how to dress herself and to follow the Japanese customs, and, most wonderful of all, as it seemed to us, to talk Japanese as fast as any of her little playmates. Many a time did we missionaries envy her the skill with which she had gained so quickly the Japanese tongue.

We asked her aunt to call and talk the matter over, as she had brought O Koto San to us in the beginning, and it is only polite to continue all business arrangements through the go-between who has acted in the first place.

The aunt agreed with us that O Koto San must get an elementary Japanese education in some way, and so, hard as it was for us all, we said good-bye to the child for a while, hoping that in a few years she could come back to finish her course. The little American-Japanese girl had turned into a really Japanese child, and we know that now she would not suffer from embarrassment in going among strangers.

It was only two or three years after this when, one day, whom should we see but the same O Koto San, now grown to be a tall, slender girl, coming up the school walk with her aunt and father.

We could hardly believe that she had finished the six years' primary school course, but she was quick at her lessons and, because of her age, had advanced rapidly, and we were all glad to take her back into our school family.

The English lessons were, of course, very easy for her, and she applied herself so diligently to her Japanese work that it was not long before we heard her praises sung by the Japanese teachers, and at one of our school exhibitions we were surprised to find O Koto San's Japanese writing chosen as among the best in her class and worthy of being exhibited.

But things were not all easy for O Koto San, for her father had married again and her new mother thought that girls did not need to study so much and that her step-daughter might just as well stay at home and help with the sewing and housework, as every Japanese girl should.

O Koto San's monthly visits at home could not have been very happy ones, and then, too, the new mother was a Buddhist and hated the new religion which her step-daughter was learning about at school.

O Koto San agreed with her mother about the religion. She did not wish to be a Christian and was a great disappointment to some of her classmates who had found joy and help in accepting Christ and wanted all their friends to feel the same.

Then came a time when her father had business troubles and he came to tell us that he could not pay full board and tuition for his daughter any longer. He knew that O Koto San was doing well in her lessons and did not want to take her away from the school. How could we do anything else, but say that if he would pay what he could we would keep her just the same and let her go on with her studies? We could not but feel that the daily Bible lesson and the earnestness of her classmates would soften her heart, and our hopes were realized when some of her friends came up one day after evening prayers with the story that O Koto San had decided to love Jesus Christ. The child really seemed in earnest, and we rejoiced in the change which we saw in her day by day, as she grew in unselfishness and seemed happier in all she did, but her home influence was against such faith, and she was not allowed to be baptized.

Then came the day when O Koto San came to me after school and told me that she must leave the boarding department. Business was bad, and her mother could not have help at home and must have the older daughter to do what she could in the house before and after

school. We knew that it would be hard for her to keep her new-found faith in the midst of opposition and temptation, but what could we do but let her go? Anyway, we should see her in the classroom every day, and the child promised to be faithful and to go to church when she could.

When school opened last September O Koto San, who had now advanced to the fourth-year class, did not appear with her other classmates. A letter came asking if she might come back as a scholarship girl, but we had no vacant place. She also wished to give up some lessons and finish her course in one year instead of the two she would naturally take.

All we could do was to write and ask her to come to the school and talk things over, but she did not come, a rumor reaching us that she was working in Tokyo. We tried to find out the truth from her father, but all we learned was that he wanted her to go on with her studies and he hoped to send her back soon. It was all most discouraging, and we began to fear that we should never see the girl again.

In March of this year, when the father was again seen in his little shop, and again said that he was really going to send O Koto San back to us, we had not much faith in his promises, and we knew that it would be very hard for the girl to go into a lower class as she must do after having missed so much during her absence.

Imagine our delight when on the opening day of school O Koto San appeared, absolutely radiant at the thought of being a school-girl again and perfectly ready to take whatever lessons we thought best.

We never heard very much of how she had spent the winter months in Tokyo; only she told us that she had many hard experiences, and she has certainly come out from them sweeter and more lovable than ever and stronger in her Christian faith.

It was hard to say good-bye to her so soon after her return to the school, but now comes news of the completeness of her transformation in a letter just received from Yokohama: "O Koto San has shown a very nice, sweet spirit in school and is planning to be baptized the first Sunday in July. We are very happy about it."

How long would it take to make my community really Christian if every other follower of Christ worked at it and prayed about it just as I do?—*J. Campbell White.*

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from
July 1 to July 31, 1916.

CALCUTTA, INDIA

N. J.—Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen E. White Scholarship, Gard- ner School,	5 00
Pa.—Philadelphia, Woman's Foreign Mis- sionary Society of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Sarah E. Morton Scholarship, Gardner School,	50 00
Total,	\$55 00

CAWNPORE

N. Y.—New York City, Missionary and Aid Society of Sea and Land Church, "Noomola" in Orphanage, 10.00; Brooklyn, Miss E. E. Mc- Cartee, "Mary Oltke" in Orphan- age, 25.00; Pioneer Band, Clinton Ave. Cong. Church, "Elizabeth" in Orphanage, 20.00,	55 00
Schenectady, Miss G. N. V. Lyle, "Kahira" in Orphanage,	4 00
N. J.—Hackensack, Mrs. J. H. Vandycck, for Orphanage,	15 00
Mass.—Lynn, Mrs. H. K. Morrison, "Sun- dri" orphanage,	20 00
Total,	94 00

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. S. T. Dauchy, for nurse, Kamla,	50 00
Pa.—Shippensburg, State Normal School S. S. collection, per Miss A. V. Horton,	6 50
Total,	56 50

SHANGHAI, CHINA

N. J.—Hackensack, Mrs. J. H. Vandycck, "Me Tsung," Bridgman School,	10 00
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee, Country Station, Iwamoto, 15.00; Miss M. E. Le Fort, Treas., for Bible Reader, 15.00; Flushing, Mrs. F. S. Bronson, Quarterly for Umé Seino, 10.00, and for Koyama San, 5.00,	45 00
N. J.—Princeton, "Friends," for scholar- ship in Girls' School,	40 00
Mass.—Boston, Miss A. J. Mulford, Bible Reader,	30 00
Mo.—St. Louis, Chas. W. Nau, Bible Reader,	30 00
Total,	145 00

GENERAL FUND

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Miss A. H. Birdseye,	5 00
Mass.—Lynn, Mrs. H. K. Morrison,	10 00
Total,	15 00

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Pa.	
Cawnpore.—Mrs. Heloise I. Angel, "San- relia," in Orphanage,	25 00
Jhansi.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, Bible Woman,	5 00
Japan.—Mrs. C. B. Penrose, Harada Shobi,	10 00
Miss Anna V. Peebles, Fumi Wata- nabe,	15 00
Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Daniels, Suye Kitai,	15 00
Miss B. F. Clark, Yamamoto Some, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, Fujisana Station,	5 00
Miss Elizabeth M. Weeks, Tezuka Tsuru,	15 00
Mrs. J. M. Ham, Mitsu Ishikawa,	30 00

Mr. C. L. Hutchins, Haru Yoshida,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks, Hana Aikawa,	5 00
Miss Emma G. Fradley, Ito Kotoji,	10 00
Miss H. D. Boone, Yamane Kiku,	5 00
Miss Anna R. Harper, Otawara Yoshi,	15 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel, Yasu Hayashi,	5 00
Mrs. Joseph Howe, Hana Ito,	15 00
Total,	\$211 00

SUMMARY

Calcutta,	\$55 00
Cawnpore,	119 00
Jhansi,	61 50
China,	10 00
Japan,	326 00
General Fund,	15 00
Total,	\$586 50

CLARA E. MASTERS, Asst. Treas.

JHANSI, INDIA.

ENDOWED BEDS

MARY S. ACKERMAN-HOYT AND
MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT
MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Maria A. Hoyt.	
Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie C. A. Bucknell.	
Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.	
Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.	
Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.	
Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.	
Mrs. Lavinia Agnes Dey, } Anthony Dey. Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey, }	
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.	
Eleanor S. Howard-Smith Memorial—Friends.	
Charles M. Taintor Memorial—A Friend.	
Mrs. R. R. Graves—Her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Owen. Associate Congregational Church, Baltimore.	
Mrs. A. L. Lowry.	
Peace—Mr. S. T. Dauchy.	
Annette R. Lapsley Memorial—Miss A. S. Lapsley.	
William H. Harris } Their Children. Mary A. Harris }	
Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.	
Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.	
Canadian—Canadian Friends.	
Jhansi—Friends in India.	
Ida Hamlin Webster Memorial— Her mother, Mrs. M. Jennette Hamlin.	
Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.	
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial— Her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.	
Fannie B. Robbins—Her sister, Mary R. Hoffman.	
William Harvey—His sister, Mrs. George Trull.	
Denis Gerald Withers—Capt. and Mrs. C. M. G. Withers.	
Mrs. Jonathan C. Ackerman—Her granddaughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.	

SHANGHAI, CHINA.
 ENDOWED BEDS IN
 MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL
 ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
 Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
 Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by
 their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.
 New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
 Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
 Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
 Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
 Samuel Oakley Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Van-
 der Poel.
 Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
 Emily W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.
 Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
 The American—A Friend.
 The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Balti-
 more.
 E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
 Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
 Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
 S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
 Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
 Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
 Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Jane Alexander Milligan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
 "Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
 Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
 Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
 "In Memoriam"—A Sister.
 Marie S. Norris— { Miss Norris
 { Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
 Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—
 By her Daughter.
 John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
 A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
 Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
 In Memoriam—A Friend.
 Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
 Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.
 Anna Corilla Yeomans— { Mr. George G. Yeomans.
 { Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris
 { Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
 Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey— { Anthony Dey.
 Mrs. Sarah Scott Humphreys— {
 Olive L. Standish—Mrs. Olive L. Standish.
 Eliza C. Temple—Mrs. Eliza C. Temple.
 Mrs. Rebecca T. Shaw Memorial—
 Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Perlie Raymond—Mrs. Mary E. Raymond.
 Mrs. Mary Elliot Young—Poughkeepsie Branch.
 Camilla Clarke—Mrs. Byron W. Clarke.
 Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman.
 Hannah Edwards Forbes— } Miss H. E. Forbes.
 Adeline Louisa Forbes— }
 Agnes Givan Crosby Allen—A Friend.
 Sarah Ann Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
 Caroline Elmer Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
 Maria Robert—Miss L. P. Halsted.
 Zalmon B. Wakeman Memorial—Mary F. Wakeman
 Bethune McCartee Memorial—Mrs. Peter McCartee.
 Mary Finney—Mrs. J. M. T. Finney.
 Concord (N. H.) Branch.
 Sara A. Palmer—Charles L. Palmer.
 Henrietta B. Haines Memorial } A grateful pupil
 { Laura Eliot Cutter.

Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus—by her Daughter,
 Mary Haines Doremus
 Mrs. Rufus R. Graves Memorial.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Alexander McLeod Memorial—by Mrs. S. M. McLeod.
 Mrs. Susan Margaret McLeod
 Elbridge Torrey Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Theron V. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Mary Joline Beggs—Catharine D. Joline.

NOTICE!

TO BRANCHES AND BANDS.

Under the present conditions—the great expense
 for transportation, the high rates of insurance and
 war risk—will not our friends, who so faithfully
 in the past prepared boxes for our mission stations,
 give the valuation of their goods in money?

Amounts received will be forwarded to our
 missionaries on the field to purchase gifts for
 Christmas.

Checks and postal money orders should be made
 payable to

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
 67 Bible House, New York

FATEHPUR, INDIA.
 ENDOWED BEDS
 LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMO-
 RIAL HOSPITAL.
 ENDOWMENT, \$600.

S. D. D.—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
 Sarah Wallace Memorial—Mrs. Richard H. Allen.
 Hannah Amelia White—Mrs. M. Morris White.
 Jubilee Thank Offering—For S. D. D.
 Elizabeth Davis Espy—Mrs. W. W. Seely.
 Marie Haines Broadwell—Mrs. Charles Parsons.
 Juliet G. Church.
 Laura P. Halsted.
 Samuel J. Broadwell—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
 Josephine Lytle Foster—Mrs. Charles J. Livingood.
 Bertha Costello Gillespie—Mrs. Anna Costello Ropes.
 Susan Morris White—Mrs. Clarence Price.
 Sarah Doremus Hamilton—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
 Comfort—
 Isabella L. Ballantine.
 Elizabeth Ogden Nixon—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 M. Morris White, "In Memoriam"—Mrs. M. M. White.
 "Inasmuch"—
 Sarah DuBois Doremus—In loving memory.
 Margaret D. Joline—Catharine D. Joline.

Ten Thousand Bibles for the Soldiers

Each book has an American flag in colors on the inside of the cover and under the flag the words: "To the Defenders of Their Country, Presented by the New York Bible Society."

The boys ought to have a New Testament with them under their new and trying circumstances.

Have YOU helped to provide some of these Testaments?

FORM OF BEQUEST

*I give and bequeath to the NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY,
incorporated in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, the
sum of _____ dollars.*

NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY

66 BIBLE HOUSE

NEW YORK CITY

JOHN C. WEST, President

JAMES H. SCHMELZEL, Treasurer

Rev. GEORGE WILLIAM CARTER, Ph.D., General Secretary

RUDOLPH LENZ

====PRINTER====

64 BIBLE HOUSE : : NEW YORK